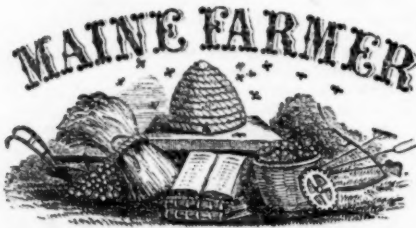




VOL. XXI.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1883.

NO. 11.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

## THE CURCULIO OR PLUM WEEVIL.

One great reason why the curculio has hitherto been so generally triumphant over all the means used to destroy it, is this,—We do not understand all his "manners and customs;" we do not know his habits and natural instincts, and until we do, it is impossible to meet him successfully, and counteract his operations.

Although naturalists have paid some attention to its history, and the course of its changes, there seem to be some things yet to be more fully established. Some describe it as coming out of the chrysalis state in full size, with wings, which it uses to transfer itself from tree to tree with great ease. Others say it comes out of small size, and creeps up the tree, being unable to use its wings. Some contend that it flies only in the night, and others that it flies only in the day time during the warmth of sunshine.

In the number of the Genesee Farmer for the last month, (Feb.), we find a communication on this subject, from O. T. Hobbs, of Randolph, Pa., in which he says he wishes to introduce a new and distinct mode of warfare upon that mischievous insect. He asserts that all former warfare has been predicated upon false opinions concerning its nature and habits.

His theory is this:—It comes out of the ground about the commencement of warm weather, when the plum tree is in blossom, or soon after. They are at this time about the size, and have nearly the appearance of a common house, are made to fly, and invariably crawl up the tree during the fore part of the day, or at any time when sufficiently warm. Here they remain, mature, and do their work of destruction before they are able to fly.

Here, then, is a new theory in regard to this "mischievous insect," and if Mr. Hobbs is correct the remedy is obvious. Mr. Hobbs proposes to make a ring of tar around the body of the tree, and, by strict attention, destroy them as they crawl up.

Last spring, says he, though too late, I killed in this manner six hundred on one tree. Gathered fallen plums every day, and destroyed them. He is also of opinion that the curculio emigrates slowly; that they increase, in favorable situations, with a rapidity proportionate to the amount of fruit within their range. That they are averse to using their wings any one may know by shaking them from the tree when full grown. In a short time they may be seen making their way up the trunk of the tree. By removing a tree to where no plums have been grown a plentiful crop will be had for two or three years. The tar should be stirred and renewed every day.

If Mr. Hobbs is correct, the destruction of the curculio is comparatively easy, requiring only a little care in applying tar. We hope our readers who have plum trees will bear this in mind when the time comes. It will not be much trouble, nor cost much to apply a little tar, during the season when the mischief to plums is generally done. The real system of warfare must be to prevent the rustle from getting into the tree at all, and if it be a fact that they invariably crawl up the trunk of the tree, whether full grown or half grown, put on the tar and veto their climbing any higher than that.

## BREEDING HORSES.

It was thought, and predicted by many, that when railroads became established pretty generally throughout the country, horses would be little used. Indeed, we recollect once hearing it said in an argument granting a railroad charter, that among other evils which railroads would bring upon us, would be the damage that would accrue to those farmers who were in the habit of rearing horses, as it would ruin that business entirely. Well, what are the facts? Railroads are pretty well established. Instead of there being no call for horses, there is more call than ever. Instead of ruining the business of breeding them, it is better business than it was when the argument was used. In breeding horses, farmers should be careful to breed good blood. It is of great consequence to pay particular attention to this requirement. There is no denying that the blood of a long established breed will show itself through a great many generations, and often start out, as it were, years after it might be supposed to have been wholly obliterated by a course of breeding from other strains, in the common haphazard manner. We could cite many instances in proof of this position.

The last number of the Wool Grower, has some remarks upon the subject of breeding horses, and quotes from the report of the Committee on horses, for the Connecticut county (Vermont) Agricultural Society, as follows:—"In addition to the hereditary transmission of qualities, it says—the progeny will inherit the united qualities of their parents. The good, as well as the bad qualities, will descend from generation to generation. Hence you will see the importance of a knowledge of the parentage, not only as to the sire, but also as to the dam. Peculiarity of structure and constitution will also be inherited, this is an important consideration, though too much neglected, for however perfect the sire may be, every good quality may be neutralized, if not overcome by the defective structure of the dam. Let the essential points be good in both parents, but if there be some minor defects in the one, let them be met, and overcome by excellencies in those peculiar points in the other parents.

We would also advise you to let your breeding mare be in the full vigor of life. Do not put them to the horse too young, especially do not

let your mares be incapacitated for work, by reason of old age. If so, you may expect that the foal will have a corresponding weakness, and scarcely will a single organ possess its natural strength. Our farmers are too negligent in the selection of their mares. They are tempted to part with their best mares, and to breed from those which are inferior."

The Arabians, who have been celebrated for centuries, as being excellent breeders of horses, and whose horses are of the best blood in the world, pay very great attention to the qualities and perfections of the mare. The results of such care in this respect, show themselves abundantly in whatever part of the world they are practised, and, as good horses command a high price; those farmers in Maine, who propose to rear good first class horses, ought to furnish themselves with first class breeders, both sire and dam.

## SHAPING THE HORNS OF CATTLE.

The curve, or direction, of the horns of cattle may be made to assume, almost any course you wish, by artificial means. If you wish them to curve in towards each other, place a bar of iron, or wood, across them. This will prevent the tips from separating any further apart, and, as they grow the horns will curve in.

By having a rod across the horns, with a nut in the middle, the wood being in two parts, with a screw or thread, fitting into the nut, so as to strain the ends of the rod, and consequently the tips of the horns apart, and keeping it thus strained, the horns may be separated almost any distance. Sockets, or hollow iron horns, of peculiar shape, may be made as to be taken to pieces easily, but when put together, and put upon the young horns, and fastened upon the head, will cause the horns to grow into them, and, of course, take the shape of the cavity they fill, in the same manner that a young cucumber is made to grow in a bottle, and assume the inside shape of the bottle, when full grown. The sockets may be taken to pieces and removed, when the object is accomplished.

## PLUMS AND OTHER FRUITS IN CANADA.

We have been favored by Col. Little, of Bangor, with the perusal of the following letter, addressed to him by Messrs. Cockburn & Brown, nurserymen, of Montreal, Canada. Col. L. consents to the publication of those parts of it in which the fruit cultivators of Maine generally have an interest. Any fruit that will mature in Montreal will mature in Maine. The writer thinks they have had rather an easy winter—the thermometer not being lower than twenty deg. below zero. After some business remarks, he says:—

"The Nota Bene is undoubtedly the best of the plums originated by Mr. Corse—not much inferior to the Green Gage. It is quite extraordinary to see the enormous crops borne by the plum trees in Lower Canada, and we presume it will be the same in the State of Maine, or nearly so. [It is so, now, H. L.] The Green Gage is the finest plum in Great Britain, but here it bears ten to one compared with that country. We must say, however, that we have never tasted that fine sort so high flavored in Canada. But then we must bear in mind that here it is grown as a standard, while in Britain it is cultivated generally on walls, the effect of which, it is well known, is to give the fruit raised in such situations a very superior flavor. The writer of this letter (Mr. Brown) paid a visit to his native country last summer, and nothing struck him so much as the very great superiority of the fruit raised in America, a remark which may perhaps apply even to the grapes raised under glass; and this remark is quite in accordance with what has been so often stated by the lamented Mr. Downing, whose loss we can never sufficiently mourn. Taking into consideration our rich and fertile soil and glorious climate, there can be no doubt that the time is at hand—even if it has not already arrived—when this land will be distinguished as the greatest fruit producing country in the world.

With regard to your enquiry about a grape, early enough to ripen every year, in open culture, in the neighborhood of Montreal, we beg to say that we believe the Black Cluster to be the hardest grape. It is a great bearer, ripens every year, and can be depended on for a crop. It is much harder than the Isabella, which rarely or never ripens here, its too luxuriant shoots being apt to be killed by severe frosts. We have known the Isabella killed down by the frost, in the same situation as the Black Cluster, the latter being unaffected by the severity of the frost. The sort in question is also a nice eating little grape. The Wellington, another variety cultivated in open ground here, although bearing very large bunches, (which we have seen between three and four pounds weight,) is quite worthless, or nearly so, seldom ripening outside, and even when produced under glass, having an acid taste, and being deficient in the fine flavor so much prized in a good grape. The Black Hamburgh, that prince of grapes in a vine, is now being relinquished for open culture, its crop being uncertain, and requiring too long a time to ripen. The Espérance is being tried, and we believe it will be found valuable. The White Sweet Water has been much grown here in the open air, but it is more apt to mildew than any other sort, and very often does not ripen. It is, in Britain, where we have cultivated it, perhaps more liable to mildew than any other in a vineyard—here, on the contrary, within doors it is one of the safest. We consider the White Sweet Water an unsafe sort for open air culture in this country, although it is a fine showy looking grape on a trellis.

You mention the Beurre Crapaud pear. We quite agree with what Mr. Corse stated to you, as to its hardness. We cannot say indeed whether or not it would thrive as far north as the sugar maple, but this we know, that it has stood uninjured in these grounds, at a temperature of thirty-two deg. below zero. We hear of many tests to which fruit trees are put by our enterprising cultivators, but we think you will agree with us that we have put the pear to the coldest test it ever had. We have the pleasure to enclose a scion of this variety, (Beurre Crapaud.)

We read long ago, with very great interest, your valuable communication in the "Horticulturist," on "Select Fruits for the North." Yours is no doubt the best method by which the information generally wanted will be best acquired. We have tried the quince tree here as a standard, and, so far as our experience has gone, we would pronounce it totally unfit for cultivation in Lower Canada. The peach and the apricot are cultivated with us only on walls, matting up in winter. It appears to us, however, that these valuable fruits are very nearly hardy, and that a variety may yet be found suitable for our climate, as an open standard.

We have had, as yet, an easy winter—thermometer not more than twenty deg. below zero, with about the average quantity of snow—but are anxious, like all good cultivators, for the return of spring. In conclusion, allow us to add that we will at all times be most happy to communicate any information in our power, and hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you on any of the knotty points of fruits and fruit trees. By the bye, what is your estimate of the eating qualities of the Pomme Gris, the farmer's winter apple of Lower Canada?

We are, sir, yours very truly,

COCKBURN & BROWN.

Cote des neiges Nurserymen.

Montreal, Canada, Feb. 18, 1883.

\*See Downing's Fruits, page 365.

For the Maine Farmer.

## REMEDY FOR STRETCHES IN SHEEP.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in your paper of February 10th., some allusions to a disease among sheep, called the stretches. As that disease is supposed to be incurable, and thinking I know a remedy, I thought it my duty to make it public. In 1852 one of my flock was taken with the stretches. I administered a number of kinds of medicines without effecting a cure, and knowing of an infallible cure for the belly ache in cattle, I administered it. The following is the remedy, viz: one half pint of new milk, one half pint soap, and one half pint molasses. It affected a cure in a few hours. The present winter, the same sheep was attacked in the same manner, and I administered the above with like success. J. GOODWIN.

North Palermo, Feb. 19th, 1883.

For the Maine Farmer.

## AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

BROTHER HOLMES:—The great obstacle which will prevent the Board of Agriculture from breathing the breath of agricultural life into the farmers of Maine, is *scapitism*. I propose to give a clue to the cause of this doubling, and a foundation on which faith may rest. To illustrate my view I will take the subject of fertilizers, or vegetable food, which is a paramount object with the farmers, enabling them to produce more than the spontaneous growth.

Most of the prominent substances now used as fertilizers, were known and used in the days of Theophrastus, Cato, Pliny, Columella, &c. From their time down to the 19th century, their operations have been watched, and guessed at, and alternately extolled or condemned, as their results were favorable or otherwise. For instance—salt and lime, under certain circumstances, in small quantities, produced marvellous results, and then were extolled, and proportionate results expected under all circumstances by an increased amount and continued use. But, carried to excess, disappointment and condemnation were the legitimate results. There were no known means of testing the properties and action of the fertilizers used.

Down to this day, the same vague guess habit is tenaciously adhered to by our anti-book farmers, as may be shown by the use of gypsum, or plaster. Ask twenty of these men the properties, action, and effect of plaster, and you will have twenty different answers, unless they plead ignorance; but they will readily admit that a bushel of plaster has caused a ton more hay to grow, and that it is done by its action, and not as food.

Now if the understanding of these men were enlightened, they would be severely forced to believe, that under certain circumstances they would be sure of receiving a dollar for each bushel used, and under other circumstances it would be no better than a bushel of sand. A little breath of agricultural life would be very useful to them.

If geologists are correct, all the inorganic elements of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in their primal state, were locked up in the solid rock, or crust of the globe; and, by the action of the organic elements, (or weathering, as it is called,) so much of that crust has been worn down or decomposed as constitutes our earth or soil. Here let me say that, by a wise ordinance of providence, the organic as well as inorganic substances in their progress of decomposition, are stopped short of their solubility in water, which prevents their mingling, and being washed into the rivers and sea, leaving the earth a barren waste; but these half decomposed substances are the husbandman's inexhaustible storehouse of fertilizers. It is his business to place them in contact in their due proportions, with the addition of excrementitious and other chemical stimulating agents to complete their decomposition, and render them soluble, the presence of life in the growing plant being the main agent in forming the new structure. Will it not require more than a Yankee to guess the correct solution of all the problems this view of the subject presents to the farmer? In this view of the subject, it is not wonderful that men should be sceptical—but we will turn over a new leaf.

By the researches and experiments of Davy, Liebig, Chapin, Spensel, Boussingault, Johnston, with a host of others, both in Europe and this country, it has been demonstrated, by developing the laws of nature by chemical tests, that fourteen elements, in their various combinations and ramifications, constitute the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms. The definite proportion of each element contained in any organic body, has also been shown; also the time and action of each in the decomposition and organization of bodies. It has also been proved that the same causes invariably produce the same results. They inform us where and how much

of each element is wanted for a given effect—for instance, how much salt, lime or plaster, is necessary to produce a given effect, and what that effect is. So that the farmer has only to use his judgment (with all this flood of light to help him) in selecting materials containing the elements desired, and in placing them in a condition to excite chemical action in order to reduce them to a liquid or aeriform state, as they come in contact with the seed or germ planted. The man who uses the best judgment, (all other things being equal,) will raise the largest crop.

Bangor, Feb. 8th, 1883.

## SOMETHING ABOUT PEAS.

Peas are in England and in some parts of our own country an important crop. It is likely that they may become more so in this region as it is found advisable to extend the number of our crops. A writer in the Rural New Yorker, in an answer to one in the Indiana Farmer, gives his experience with them. He says:—

"The writer is correct in the assertion that peas sown late will be free from bugs; so will any peas which from any cause have their growth retarded. In Canada the pea bug is never seen in the field varieties, simply because the season is so much later than here. This would doubtless also be the case in the counties south of us—the higher land making the season colder. I have generally sown my peas early because I wanted them for early feeding to hogs, but sometimes left a small piece till late in the season for seed the following year—though most farmers here, buy seed imported from Canada—and have uniformly found those sown late free from bugs, and others full of them.

A diversity of opinion prevails among farmers, whether buggy peas will germinate or not. Some assert that they will not, and others that they grow as well as those entirely free from them. The truth lies between the two. A pea, though it may have a hole in it, will grow, provided the hole is not near enough to the germ to injure it, and most of them are, as far as I have noticed. About three-fourths of them will grow, but some of them will produce sickly plants, and in ordinary cases it would not be profitable to sow such seed. The writer is also in error as to the amount of seed per acre. He sows three bushels per acre, and intends to sow four, because he has observed that they stood up better and looked finer. Had he observed closely, he would find that his peas that looked so thick and fine were nearly all vines, and but few peas upon them.

When I first began to raise peas I sowed from three to four and a half bushels per acre, and have kept decreasing the seed, till now I sow only from one and a half to two bushels per acre.

Some years ago I had a field which was sown very thick, and came up thick, but a long storm with cold weather afterwards, killed a large proportion of the plants, so that though of plowing them up, but did not, and left them to grow. When I came to harvest, I had a first rate crop—considerably more than an ordinary yield. Though they looked thin all summer, they were covered thick with pods. I am told that in Canada, many of the best farmers do not sow more than one bushel per acre. Peas are a crop that, like turnips, require elbow room, and they will run to vines. Many farmers, in feeding their peas, are not as economical as they should be; they cut them up and throw into the pen vines and all, and let the hogs thresh them for themselves. For young pigs or for those that are only growing, this may do very well, but in this regard, they are not so economical as they should be. They are one of the best crops to precede wheat that we raise. In many respects, I prefer them to a naked fallow, and they are so well adapted to early feeding of hogs, that I am surprised that more farmers do not raise them. They require a somewhat different season to do well. A cool, wet season is the best, instead of a hot one suiting corn. I think that the farmers in the Southern counties of this State and the northern counties of Pennsylvania, where corn does not usually ripen, would find it profitable to raise large quantities of them, to fatten the immense number of hogs they might raise in their dairy districts.

[Prairie Farmer.]

AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE. A letter writer for the Republic says:—"A trip of six hundred and fifty miles, from the northern to the southern extremity of France, justifies me in the expression of my opinion that God's sun does not shed its rays on so fair a land, or one so thoroughly cultivated. The whole country is literally a garden. Every square foot, from the mountain-top to the lowest ravine, is made to produce something, if it is susceptible of it. Their mode of planting or sowing their crops, whether on plain or hill-side, produces the finest effect on the appearance of the landscape; the place allotted for each crop is laid out in squares or parallelograms with mathematical precision, and, whether large or small, the best garden could not be divided with greater accuracy. As there are no fences or hedges, and as the different crops are in various stages of maturity, you can imagine the variety of hues that meet the eye, and the magnificence of the panorama that stretches out in every direction as far as the vision can penetrate. I am sorry to add in this connection that seven-eighths of the agricultural labor is performed by females, while two or three hundred thousand stalwart men in uniform are idling away their time in the barracks of the cities and villages. In the absence of fences, cattle, secured by ropes, are driven about their pastures by females; and sheep are confined within the required limits by boys, assisted by a shepherd's dog. Speaking of cattle, reminds me that, notwithstanding fresh pork is abundant enough in market, both in England and France, I have not seen a live porker in either country."

## NO WORK THE HARDEST WORK.

Ho! ye who at the scythe fall,  
And strike the sounding blow;  
Where from the burning iron's breast,  
The sparks fly to and fro:  
While answering to the hammer's ring,  
And fire's intense glow—  
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil  
And sweat the long day through,  
Remember it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil,  
Whose hard hands guide the plough;  
Who bend beneath the summer sun  
With burning cheek and brow—  
Ye deem the cure still clings to earth,  
From olden time till now,  
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil  
And labor long hours through,  
Remember it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue field,  
Who ride the restless wave—  
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel  
There lies a yawning grave;  
Around whose back the wintry winds  
Like fiends of fury rave—  
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil  
And labor long hours through,  
Remember it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

Ho! all who labor—all who strive—  
To wield a lofty power;  
Do with your might, do with your strength,  
Fill every golden hour,  
The glorious privilege to do,  
Is man's most noble dower;  
Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,  
To your own souls be true!  
A weary, wretched life is theirs  
Who have no work to do.

## HOW TO MAKE A HOT BED.

The frame of the hot bed is made of two inch plank, nailed to upright posts in each corner. Ten feet long and six feet wide is a good size—the back may be 30 inches high and the front one-half that, to give a proper slope of roof for shedding rain and throwing the light and heat upon the plants. For the sashes to rest and slide upon, a strip 6 inches wide is placed across the frame, even with the edge of the same. The sashes are made in the ordinary way, but without cross bars; and the panes of glass are set to lap on each other one-fourth of an inch, so as to shed the rain. For the preparation of the bed we find the following directions given by Mr. Barry: [Rural New Yorker.]

Hot beds should occupy a dry situation, where they will not be affected by the lodgment of water during rains or thaws. They should be exposed to the east and south, and be protected by fences or buildings from the north and northwest.

Where it is intended to merely grow plants for transplanting to the garden they may be sunk in the ground to the depth of 18 inches, and in such a case requiring not more than 2 feet of manure; but when forcing and perfecting vegetables is designed, a perfecting vegetable is designed, a permanent heat must be kept up, and the bed must be made on the surface, so that fresh and warm manure may be added when necessary. A depth of three to four feet of manure will in such cases be wanted. Manure for hot beds requires some preparation. It should be fresh stable manure, placed in a heap, and turned and mixed several times, promoting a ferrous fermentation. It is thus made to retain its heat a long time; otherwise it would burn and dry up, and become useless.

The mold should be laid on as soon as the bed is settled, and has a lively regular-tempered heat. Lay the earth evenly over the manure about six inches deep. Radishes and lettuce require about a foot of earth. After it has lain a few days it will be fit to receive your plants, unless the mold has turned to a whitish color or has a rank smell, in which case add some fresh mold for the hills, at the same time vacancies should be made to give vent to the steam, by running down stakes.

Those who wish to force cucumbers, &c., should begin, if the weather is favorable, by the first of March. For raising plants, the middle is time enough.

## A HEN STORY.

MR. EDITOR:—About the first of December last, one of my hens, who had "stolen her nest," hatched a brood of nine chickens, and they made their appearance so late in the season, it was thought they had a cheerless prospect before them, and if any of them survived the winter, it would be at the sacrifice of sundry toms. But they had the run of an empty barn, with the rest of the fowls, some thirty in number, and it was observed that one of the "roosters" very complacently assisted dame parley in caring for her little family, and, as every husband should be, was the principal purveyor for the little ones; but after a few days, he retired from his new vocation, and his place was immediately supplied by a hen, whose incessant care of her sister's chickens was only rivaled by the mother herself. A friend, wanting some of my hens about this time, I included in the number one hen was able to take care of a brood of nine chickens; but it appeared I was out there, at least in the judgment of the hen; for no sooner had she the affronted supremacy made her exit, than there came forward another hen to supply her place, and both hens took mutual charge of their little family, in perfect harmony, during the day, and at night sat close together, with the chickens under their wings.

Wester, Feb., 1883. [Boston Journal.]

ENTRUSTED—CRANBERRIES. We are able to report another case of the complete cure of erysipelas by the simple application of raw cranberries pounded fine. The patient was a young lady, one side of whose face had become so much swollen and inflamed that the eye had become closed, and the pain excessive. A poultice of cranberries was applied, and after several changes the pain ceased, the inflammation subsided, and in the course of a couple of days every vestige of the disease had disappeared. The case occurred in the family of one of the editors of the Palladium, and we can therefore vouch for its truth. [New Haven Palladium.]

Never attempt to quench fire with fire.

## NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The following report of the Committee on Crops of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, we copy from the Waterville Mail:—

The Committee on crops having attended to their duty, ask leave to make the following report:—

As your committee, or a majority of them were chosen on the day of your annual meeting, and were under the necessity of making a report on the same afternoon that they were chosen, they find that they can only state to whom they award premiums, referring you to the statements of the competitors for the particulars relating to the soil, depth and time of plowing, quantity of seed, cost of cultivating, and profits of the crops.

Winter Wheat. As the crop was almost a failure in this section, there was only one entry, and that by Col. R. H. Green, of Winslow. Notwithstanding the smallness of the crop, your committee had no other alternative than to award him a premium of five dollars, for best crop on not less than two acres. Yield, 4 1-2 bushels on four acres.

Spring Wheat. The entries here show that this has been more successful to the farmers the past season than the former variety, consequently there is more competition for the premiums. We award the first premium, of three dollars, to J. F. Hunsweil, of China. His crop on four acres averaged 27 1-4 bushels per acre. The second, of two dollars, to Alvin Blackwell, of Winslow, on his crop of twenty-five bushels per acre.

Indian Corn. We award the first premium, of four dollars, to Charles Joy, of Clinton. He raised two hundred and seven bushels of ears on one acre. The second, of two dollars, to Ezra Pray, of Albion—yield, one hundred and sixty-nine bushels of ears. The third, of two dollars, to R. R. Drummond, of Winslow—yield, one hundred and seventy-three bushels per acre. In awarding the second and third premiums we were guided by the usual custom of the committee before us—that is, to one that raises the best crop at the least expense. The fourth premium we award to Isaiah Marston, of Waterville. Mr. Marston, in reckoning the cost of cultivation, has put down an item that all other competitors have overlooked—or, they have considered it of no moment,—that is, the interest on the land, which we believe ought always to be taken into account with the cost of cultivation.

Oats and Peas. For the best acre of oats and peas we award the premium of two dollars to Albert Crosby, of Albion. He raised on two acres and forty-seven rods one hundred and twenty-one bushels averaging about fifty-three bushels per acre. The second, of one dollar, to Ezra Pray, on a crop of forty-three bushels per acre.

Oats. The first premium, of two dollars, we award to Elbridge G. Sawtelle, of Sidney, on a crop of seventy-three bushels per acre, and one dollar to Frederic Paine, of Winslow—crop forty-nine bushels round measure.

Barley. To Albert Crosby we award two dollars for the best acre of barley, averaging about forty-four bushels per acre; and one dollar to E. G. Sawtelle for the next best acre of thirty-seven bushels.

Potatoes. Nathan Perry, of Waterville, raised, on one hundred and seventy rods, two hundred and forty-six bushels, and we award him a premium of three dollars, and two dollars to R. H. Green, for next best crop. From 3-4ths of an acre he harvested one hundred and eighty-four bushels.

We award the first premium, of three dollars, to John W. Drummond, for the best acre of herds-grass, it being a crop of three tons to the acre; and three dollars to Frederic Paine, for the greatest profit from half an acre of land. His profit on one hundred and ten square rods was \$54.36. The land was planted with corn, peas, beans and potatoes, which were mostly sold when green.

The Premium of two dollars offered for the best lot of pear trees set the past season we award to Isaac W. Britton.

On compost manure we award four dollars to J. W. Drummond, and three dollars to R. R. Drummond.

ISAAC W. BRITTON, for Com.

## FERTILIZATION OF THE SOIL.

It may be doubted whether any branch of agriculture is better deserving of attention, and more worthy of care of farmers, than improved tillage. Tillage may be distinguished from the ordinary operations of the farm in consisting of the preparation of the soil for the crop, and subsequent cultivation during the growth of plants when applied to all crops. It is therefore the foundation of all success in farming, and worthy of far greater care than is usually bestowed upon it.

In the ordinary mode of preparing the soil for crops very great imperfection is generally observed. The land is poorly plowed, the harrow applied in the most superficial manner, the seed scattered upon it, and the roots left to work their way as best they may among the lumps and clods in which the land abounds. It is clear to see that by this method but very imperfect results are obtained, as it is by the most minute division of the particles that the roots of plants are enabled to draw from the soil the greatest amount of sustenance and support. With the surface of the earth baked, dried and cracked a proper degree of moisture and warmth is not secured for the proper development of the grain; and when impartial tillage only is effected, the deficiency in crop will be in proportion.

There are different modes of tillage practised, but most of them very imperfect in their results. The system most nearly approaching to perfection is undoubtedly most profitable, and should be recommended to the practical notice of farmers. It may be doubted whether, if double the labor per acre was expended in the reduction of the soil to a fine tilth, so as to be completely pulverized, the farmer would not as a general rule receive much greater returns for his expenditure than in the ordinary mode. It is thus that our gardens, naturally no better soil than the balance of the farm, are made to produce so abundantly.

We once knew a field of corn, which on a good fair soil, only produced an average crop, on some ten or twelve acres, without manure, of eighty bushels per acre—a crop so much above the average as to lead to inquiries into the cause of so extraordinary a yield. The proprietor, a very intelligent and enterprising man, gave the following account of the mode of cultivation practised:—

The ground was plowed early in spring to a depth of eight inches, and instead of receiving a single harrowing, was worked with harrow and cultivator until, in the language of the proprietor, it was as mellow as an ash heap, and a man in walking over it would settle in to his ankles in the fine earth. Here was the whole secret of the great crop. The land was finely and thoroughly pulverized, a mellow tilth was obtained, the soil retained its moisture uniformly, the roots found no obstruction to their movements in search of food, the nutritive matter in the soil was so reduced and distributed as to be readily and easily taken in by the mouths of plants, the after culture was easy and consequently thorough and effective, and the crop, as a natural result, unusually large and profitable.

Now we think those of your readers who will investigate the subject will agree with the writer that in thorough tillage may be found the antidote for many of the disappointments and failures in the management of our arable lands. If farmers will cultivate less land, and do it more thoroughly and perfectly, there can be but little doubt that greater crops will be obtained, and the profit on the labor be comparatively greater. It would at all events be a consolation to witness such a condition of the agriculture of the country as would result from perfect tillage and thorough pulverization. [New York Farmer.]

## THE LAPLANDERS.

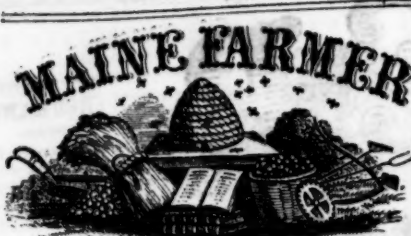
The inhabitants of Lapland are of Norwegian, Russian and Swedish descent. Their language is similar to that of the French, from which they are originally an offshoot. The Lapps in general are of middle stature. They have long heads, short necks, small brown-red eyes, owing to the constant smoke in their huts, high cheek bones thin beards and large hands. Those of Norway are distinguished from the Russian Lapps, by the blackness, luxuriance and gloss of their hair; the more northern portion of the races are somewhat larger, more muscular and of a lighter complexion, than the rest. Those of Sweden and Norway are, to some extent, more cultivated, enterprising and industrious than those of Russia, and make light of the greatest privations and hardships. The richest of the latter have not more than 800 reindeer, while the former possess from 2,000 to 3,000. In Sweden and Norway, whoever owns from 400 to 500 passes for a man in moderate circumstances; with 200 a small family with proper prudence can live without suffering from want, but less than this number plunges a family into all the troubles of poverty. Whoever has not more than fifty, adds his to that of some rich man, and becomes his servant—almost his slave, and is bound in the proper season to follow him to the hunting or fishing grounds.

Fish, game, and the flesh of the reindeer are the usual food of the Lapps. Bread they never eat, though of the rye meal, which they procure in Kola, or of the fermented in barter for the products of their reindeer herds, they make a sort of flat or pan cakes, mingling the meal with the pounded bark of trees. For this purpose the meal is first soaked in cold water, and the cakes baked upon a hot iron. They are eaten with butter or codfish oil, which is esteemed a great luxury. The mingling of the bark with the meal is not done merely for the sake of economy, the Lapps considering it an excellent anti-scorbutic. They are very fond of salt, and eat nothing uncooked. Their cookery is all done in unfired copper vessels, perhaps because in all Lapland there are no peepers; more probably, however, it is a long-descended custom, since in all Northern Asia the use of copper was formerly universal, and the art of overlaying that metal could hardly be known to the rude inhabitants. Nevertheless cases of poisoning from the copper never occur, being rendered impossible by the perfect cleanliness of the copper vessels, which after every meal are scourged with sand till they shine like mirrors. Besides, after the food is sufficiently cooked it is immediately poured into wooden vessels of home manufacture.

The Norwegian and Swedish Lapps make cheese of reindeer milk, and carefully save for use all the whey. They milk their animals summer and winter, and freeze the milk which is set apart for cheese. The women consider this as a great luxury. It is remarkable for its pleasant odor, and has a ready sale in Norway at a rather high price. The Russian Lapps have no idea of making cheese from their reindeer milk, although the manufacture, beyond a doubt, would be of great advantage to them. This milk is distinguished for its excellent flavor; in color and consistency it is like thick cream from the milk of cows, and is remarkably nourishing.

EFFECTS OF DRAINAGE ON THE TEMPERATURE OF THE SOIL. All the rain that falls upon our fields must either be carried away by natural or artificial drainage, or, having thoroughly saturated the soil on which it falls, be left upon the surface to be carried off by evaporation. Now, every gallon of water thus carried off by evaporation requires as much heat as would raise five and a half gallons from the freezing to the boiling point. Without going to extreme cases, the great effects of the heat thus lost upon vegetation cannot fail to be striking, and I have frequently found the soil of a field well drained higher in temperature from 10 to 15 degrees than that of another field which





AUGUST:  
THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1853.

### HOW MANY NORTH POLES ARE THERE?

This may seem, at first thought, a very silly question. The researches of navigators, however, indicate that there are as many as three at least. First, there is the central imaginary point of the axis of the earth, called the *terrestrial north pole*; then there is a point, on one side of this true north pole, to which the magnetic needle points, called the *magnetic pole*; and then, according to the observation of Dr. Kane, and others who have explored the northern regions in search of Sir John Franklin, another point or pole, which is the centre or axis of a zone of intense cold, which may be called the *thermal north pole*.

Let us examine into these two last poles. 1st. The *magnetic pole* is demonstrated by the fact that the magnetic needle does not point exactly to the east or to the west of it. The compass has been used great many years before it was suspected that it did not point due north. About the middle of the sixteenth century observations began to be made in Europe, when it was found that the needle pointed east of the true north. Continued observations showed that this variation eastward, was gradually changing westward, and it continued to approach the true north, until it remained stationary awhile at the true north, and then moved on west of it, and the variation is now westerly instead of easterly. It is, however, turning slowly back again.

Messrs. Humboldt & Biot have paid much attention to these variations, and aided by the observations and experiments of those who have navigated high latitudes, they have come to the conclusion that there are *two magnetic poles*, one in latitude 79 deg. 1 min. north, and in longitude 27 deg. 42 min. west from Greenwich, and the other diametrically opposite, in latitude 79 deg. 1 min. south, and in longitude 152 deg. 18 min. east. The great imaginary circle, just between, or ninety degrees from each of these poles, is the magnetic equator. To these poles the needle always points; but as the needle varies, so that in a long series of years, when observed from the same spot, it is at one time east and at another west, it is evident that these poles must change position, relative to the true north pole. Now whether what we call the *thermal pole* coincides with, or is the same as the magnetic pole, we do not know. We do know, however, that degrees of latitude are not always true indications of temperature; that in some parts of the world, places in quite a high northern latitude are warmer than the city of Portland in this State, and yet the climate of Paris is much milder than that of Portland, although Portland is more than five degrees further south. This line of equal temperature varies in different sections of the globe. It was the opinion of the celebrated, and somewhat eccentric, Capt. Symmes, that there was a ring, belt or circle of cold region this side of the north pole, but beyond this, and around the pole itself, it was warmer, and that the ocean was not frozen there. Symmes thought there was a cavity or depression there, and he has been facetiously called "Symmes' hole," or "Symmes' opening." Recent explorations seem to prove the idea or fact of a belt of frozen region, between the degrees of 70 and 80, and that beyond this line is a warmer region, and an open sea. This is Dr. Kane's belief, and he sets out in a month or two to make new explorations, confident in the belief that he shall be able to pass over the belt of ice, and reach the warmer regions beyond.

Now it seems to us that the central point or pole of this frozen belt must be at a distance from the true north pole, and the axes of these two points cross each other, or form an angle with each other, in the same manner as do the axes of the magnetic pole and north pole. This thermal pole also seems to have a change or variation, as does the magnetic pole, and hence, undoubtedly, the reasons why we have a series of cold seasons and then a series of warm seasons—giving rise to the belief, among some, of cycles, or periodical returns of similar seasons, after a lapse of a certain number of years. This is mere theory, we allow—but we are inclined to think that future researches in the frozen regions will bring to light facts sufficient to demonstrate it as a fixed law of nature, and perhaps give us data enough to enable us to make pretty accurate calculations in regard to the general variations of the seasons, that are to take place in a given series of years.

**THE FAT COW.**  
The large and very fat cow, belonging to Mr. Dole of this city, which we mentioned in our last, was slaughtered last week. She weighed, after being dressed, 1250 pounds. We have had the pleasure of a practical examination of a rooster from the aforesaid bell, politely furnished by Mr. Dole, which was accompanied by the following note:—  
To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:—  
DEAR SIR:—Knowing that you belong to the carnivorous race of animals, and presuming that you are neither a *Pork Bell* nor a *Grahamite*, and perceiving in the public documents that you are not indifferent to the "beasts and fishes," and judging from your eulogious views that you have already lived too long on "meat," that meat is suitable for man, and therefore will do you good, I present you with a bit from the handsomest, largest and fattest cow (probably) ever raised and slaughtered in Maine.

Respectfully,  
March 8, 1853.

"Cadevareus visago," forsooth! That's only the reflection of the visages of the lean and hungry host that crowd our capital at the present time.

**POMOLOGICAL.** We have received a new apple from Mr. Enos Chandler of Winthrop, called the Winthrop Orange. It originated in the orchard of the late Benjamin Fairbanks. It is a handsome apple, texture rather coarse but tender, and juicy, of a pleasant slightly subacid flavor. Also from Wm. Burns Esq. of New Gloucester, two new varieties, natives of New Gloucester, one of them is called the "Belle of Gloucester," a handsome apple of good size and flavor. The other is called the "True Apple," this is also large, handsome, and of good flavor. We thank Mr. Burns for the grafts forwarded with the apples.

The P. D. went into committee of the whole, on the apples, and the discussion was very animated.

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

**NEW DRESSES.** Our contemporaries, the Cold Water Fountain Gardiner, and the Belfast Signal, have recently made their appearance in new dresses, and exhibit a marked improvement in their looks. The Fountain has an engraved head, which is very appropriate and is a great addition. We wish both our friends, all the success they can desire, and are glad to see such indisputable evidence of their prosperity.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.** Harper's new monthly for March, opens with an interesting account of the Copper Region, on Lake Superior, with many engravings, giving interesting views of the scenery in that part of the country. Abbott's series of Napoleon Bonaparte, is still continued, together with the usual variety of valuable matter. The publishers state that the work has reached the unprecedented number of 110,000 copies.

**POTMAN'S MONTHLY.** The third number of this excellent monthly, is on our table. Nothing has added so much to its popularity, as the article in the second number, entitled, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" an exceedingly well written and interesting paper, upon the claims of Rev. Eleazer Williams, as the son of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette. We understand that the author will present further proofs of his assertions in the next number. This work is made up of entirely original matter, from American writers, and is destined to make an entire revolution in the character of American literature. Indeed, we may say its influence is already felt. We have not time now space this week to review it, but we would recommend our readers to purchase and read for themselves.

**HOME COOKERY.** Here is a new book on cookery, by Mrs. J. Chadwick. From a hasty examination, we should pronounce it a most excellent thing. There are receipts for every branch of domestic cookery, from a loaf of bread to a wedding cake, and from boiling potatoes to roasting a turkey, but we notice one omission, very important to an Editor—there is no receipt for salt puddings! Besides the receipts for cooking, there are added many valuable receipts for housekeepers, such as directions for cleaning stoves, preventing the ravages of moths, washing flannels, polishing furniture, cleaning old gloves, &c. We are indebted to the publishers, Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, for a copy of this work. It may be found at Fenn's bookstore.

**OL-CLOTH CARPET PRINTER.** A new and improved mode of stamping oil-cloth carpets has been invented and put into operation by Mr. Thomas Winslow, of Hallowell. We saw the machine the other day, and were much pleased with the simplicity of the construction, and at the same time the ease and efficiency with which it worked. The colors are put on the prepared cloth by a series of rollers, and the machine may be worked with man, horse, water, steam, or any other power you please to attach to it. We also examined some of the carpeting printed by it. The colors were well laid on, and the matching of the figures all effected with ease and precision. This improvement will bring about a change in this business, inasmuch as it will save a great amount of labor in the manufacture of this species of goods. Mr. Winslow has applied for a patent.

The Maine Farmer makes a grand whorah because Mrs. A. Hussey of Danvers has recently presented to her husband three fine daughters, at one donation, all doing well at the latest account. The Farmer man has resolved to get his little boys down to Danvers to get wives by and by.

So says the Bangor Courier. We don't think it would do for that editor to meet our P. D., just now. He says he has no notion of going to Danvers for a wife, "cause why," "cause he goes in for the encouragement of home products, and besides that, did not get home last Sunday night till ———. Never mind, we won't say when, but it really looks rather suspicious.

**ACCIDENT.** On Thursday afternoon last, an old gentleman and his wife, by the name of Hussey, belonging in China, were passing through Water Street, their horse became frightened at the sliding of some snow from the roof of a building, and ran away with them. When near Nason & Hamlen's store the sleigh was upset, and they were both thrown out against the door of the store, with much violence, as to burst it open. It was at first thought that the lady was fatally injured, but we are happy to learn that she is doing well, and will soon recover. The old gentleman had several of his teeth knocked out. It was a wonder that they were not both instantly killed.

**THE GAMINET.** Gen. Pierce's Cabinet is composed of the following:—  
Secretary of State—William L. Marcy, of New York.  
Secretary of the Treasury—James Guthrie, of Kentucky.  
Secretary of the Interior—Robert McLellan, of Michigan.  
Secretary of War—Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi.  
Secretary of the Navy—James C. Dobbin, of New Hampshire.  
Postmaster General—James Campbell, of Pennsylvania.  
Attorney General—Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts.

**LADIES FAIR IN WINTHROP.** What is the difference between "Ladies Fair" and "Fair Ladies"? Just call into Shaw's Hall, at the Winthrop House, in Wintthrop, on Thursday evening (10th inst.) and you will see. The Ladies Sewing circle of that village, will have a display of articles, both useful and beautiful. Walk in every body, and old bachelors in particular, perhaps you will get a gleam of sunshine into your hearts, that will start the frost.

**MORE LIGHT.** Honest folks are always desirous for "more light," and there are various ways of getting it. The Phosgene lamps at Ellingham and Titcomb's, are new, and very brilliant, and give light cheaper than oil. For table and stationary lights, they are first rate.

**FINE FAT OXEN.** A pair of splendid fat cattle, belonging to Mr. Howard Pettigill of this city, were slaughtered last week by Mr. Norcross. They were very fat, and weighed, on the hoof, four thousand pounds. We have not heard what the dead weight was. Friend Pettigill presented the Publisher with a nice piece of the beef, which was found to be a number one and a half.

**A SEVEN HUNDREDER.** Mr. John Smiley of Augusta, killed a hog last week that weighed 706 pounds, net weight. It had 39 lbs. of rough fat, making in all 745 lbs. It was two years old, and a good one at that.

**MUNICIPAL ELECTION.** The municipal election in this city, takes place in the several wards on next Monday. Please to take due notice, and govern yourselves accordingly.

### ANTI-VASSAL MEETING.

All the citizens of the State of Maine, who claim a home or lands in this State, which is, or was formerly held under a possessory title or right of occupancy, and especially those on the several tracts of land in the Counties of Lincoln, Kennebec and Somerset, known as the Vassal Claim, are requested to meet at the Court House in Augusta, on Tuesday, the 12th day of April, 1853.

It is known that a claim has been set up, and a suit pending in the United States Courts, by one Henry Webster of England, against Peter Cooper of Bowdoinham, formerly of Pittsford, and information has been received that the ruling of the late Judge Woodbury, at the Circuit Court, at Portland, against the claim, has been reversed by the United States Court, at Washington, and that the case is remanded back to the Circuit Court, for a jury to adjudicate upon under the betterment law. By this lamentable and unexpected event (the decision of that Court) you must see that your homes and the homes of your fathers, and the asylum of your children, may be wrested from you by a combined set of speculators in Massachusetts, and some of them in high places, who, under a foreign name, are moving with a tremendous force to dispossess you of your long enjoyed rights, and the final result of this movement is fraught with the most momentous consequences. The true history of this most extraordinary case, if it could be fairly revealed, is unparalleled in the history of this country, and you are called upon by all that you hold dear to yourselves and sacred to posterity, to come forward at this time, to devise some way, and take such measures as shall best ward off the blow that is aimed at your best rights. Let us meet that we may consult on this important question, and pledge ourselves to each other to unite in such measures as shall best subvert the great interest of us all.

We also invite all good citizens of this State, to meet with us on this occasion, to advise and consult with us.

Editors of newspapers throughout this State, will see that many of their readers may be interested in this notice, and are invited to give this call one or two insertions in their columns, if they think proper to do so, without charge to us.

PETER COOPER,  
GILMORE BLISS,  
MOSES HARRIS.

At Green Bay, on the 20th January, Mr. Abraham Place was married to Miss Petau-nau-quant-tau-que. We should say the lady had made a happy change of name. [Exchange.] It is to be hoped that her change of name has been equally fortunate. [Another Ex.]

"Binelech says he does not see how she could have been more fortunate, for it is evident that she now reposes in Abraham's bosom!"

**BROWN BREED.** A goodly portion of a brown loaf, made by our neighbor, Mrs. S. Morrell, according to recipe published in the Farmer, not long since was received, and "laid upon the table," but it did not lie there long. It was prime bread.

### PROCEEDINGS IN CITY COUNCIL.

SATURDAY, Feb. 26. An order was passed, authorizing the Mayor to sell the Town House Lot, for a sum not less than \$900.

Voll of Accounts No. 8, was passed and ordered to be paid.

The Committee on Fire Department, reported a plan for re-organization of the Fire Companies, as follows: \$80 per year to be paid to a company for the "Deluge" engine, to be called out only in cases of emergency; and \$250 per year each, to two companies for the Atlantic and Pacific engines—said companies to consist of at least 40 men each. Accepted, and the Committee on Fire Department authorized the contract accordingly.

The following resolve was unanimously passed:—  
Resolved, That we tender to our fellow citizens composing the Atlantic and Pacific Engine Companies, our sincere thanks for the very prompt and faithful manner in which they have discharged their duties for the past two years, and charged their voluntarily assumed, without any pecuniary consideration from the city, and which they have discharged with high credit to themselves and the benefit of the city.

On motion of Mr. Sawtelle, of the Common Council, the following order was passed:—  
Ordered, That the Mayor be, and hereby is directed in behalf of the city, to petition the Legislature in favor of a repeal of all laws amendatory of our city charter, which have been passed by the Legislature, conferring additional jurisdiction upon, or relating to the Municipal Court of this city.

Ordered, for the payment of police accounts, amounting to \$78.75, was passed.

Walter Bolton and Greenleaf Barrows, were each allowed \$3 for a watering place.

Petition of E. K. Robinson et al., for a new street, was referred to next City Council.

Leave to withdraw on petition of B. Gilbreth et al.

Adjourned to Tuesday, March 8.

**RIOT THREATENED IN CHARLESTOWN.** In consequence of the recent alleged abduction of an Irish girl who had married a Catholic, a threatening assemblage gathered in the vicinity of the Richmond Street Catholic church, Charlestown, on Wednesday evening the 2d, with a supposed intention of attacking the building. But military companies, from Boston, and soldiers from the Navy Yard, being called out, the crowd dispersed without doing material mischief.

**THE MISSING GIRL.** Yesterday morning Miss Hannah Corcoran arrived at the house of her guardian, Mr. Joe. Carter, High Street, Charlestown, where she was residing. She arrived in this city on Saturday evening, from Philadelphia, accompanied by her mother. Hannah seemed much pleased on reaching Mr. Carter's house, and yesterday afternoon attended church with her family, at the residence of Mr. Lawrence Street. She entirely exonerates Rev. Mr. Linden, the Catholic priest of Charlestown, from all charges of religious oppression towards her. She has not changed her Protestant belief. [Boston Post, 7th.]

**AN IMPORTANT DECISION.** We have heard it stated that the case of claimants under the "Vassal" heirs, vs. Peter Cooper of Pittsford has been decided against the defendant, by the Supreme Court of the U. S. No report of this decision has yet reached our eye; but if the rumor is correct, it is one of the most important decisions made for years. It will affect titles to a vast amount of landed property, all under cultivation in Pittsford, Bowdoinham, Fairfield and other places lying on the Kennebec river. [Journal.]

**SUP FOREST QUEEN.** This ship, which was reported yesterday ashore on Situate beach, has been, and is fast going to pieces. She will be a total loss, together with most of her cargo. This morning the beach was strewn with fragments of her cargo, but the greater portion of it was drifting out to sea with the ebb tide. There is a very heavy sea in the Bay. The Forest Queen, owned by E. K. Paige, of Hallowell, and Atkins & Co. of New York, and is insured in this city and New York. Her cargo, which was a very valuable one, is mostly insured in this city, at different offices in State Street. [Boston Journal.]

**IMPORTANT VERDICT—Troy and Boston Railroad vs. George M. Tilton.** This was a suit brought in the Supreme Court of New York, and tried on Wednesday, before Judge Parker, to recover an unpaid balance of a subscription of \$20,000 to the capital stock of the company, of which \$1500 had been paid. Various technical objections were taken by defendant, as to the binding effect of his subscription, but the Court decided in favor of the plaintiff, and ordered a verdict for the plaintiff for \$15,500 and interest from the time the calls were made.

### GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

**Delaware Liquor Law.** A very stringent Liquor Law has passed the Delaware House of Delegates. It authorizes manufacturers to sell liquor in quantities of not less than fifteen gallons at any one time, provided they own the produce from which the liquor is manufactured. It also provides that retailers shall not sell liquor to minors, and that tavern keepers shall not sell to minors or colored persons, and that persons once convicted under the law shall be incapable of being licensed a second time. The price of a license is fixed at \$100 per annum, to be paid for the use of the school fund.

**For Liberia.** The Secretary of the American Colonization Society announces that preparations are making to start a vessel from Norfolk, Va., the 1st of May, with emigrants for Liberia. One hundred and seventy-eight persons have already applied for passage of which, fifty-two from North Carolina, six from Kentucky, three from Massachusetts, one from Ohio, one from Pennsylvania, and one from New York.

**Alligator Skins.** Mr. J. W. Benedict, of Galveston, says the Houston (Texas) Telegraph, has manufactured some of the most beautiful boots and shoes that we have seen, with leather made of alligator skins. The skins are tanned and prepared, so that they resemble the finest calfskin in pliability, and are beautifully mottled, like tortoise shell. He intends to send a pair of boots to the World's Fair in New York. He certainly merits a premium for changing the lines of these huge ugly monsters to forms of beauty and usefulness.

**Agriculture in Ireland.** Ireland is giving tangible evidences of a gradual improvement in its agricultural condition. From 1847 to 1851, according to some recent returns, the amount of capital in farm stock has been constantly increasing, from £24,820,547 at the former period, to £27,707,397 at the latter. Recently in the North of Ireland business has been brisk and employment abundant and remunerative.

**North Carolina Copper.** A company of Englishmen are said to be working successfully the copper mine in Cherokee county, North Carolina. The copper ore is said to be of the best quality, and with silver. A substance very much resembling, and believed by many to be the pure diamond, has been found in Buncombe county. It cuts both glass and steel. The finder has "several pieces of large size."

**Lake Navigation.** Telegraphic reports from Buffalo, of March 21, say that navigation is now open between Chicago and Milwaukee, and the steamer Traveller made her first trip yesterday. Weather here is mild. The ice is rotting fast, and the prospects at present are good for an early opening of the Lake.

**Coal in Illinois.** The Chicago Democrat states that the recent disclosures of the State survey make it certain that the coal fields of Illinois will be found equal to those of Pennsylvania, and are said to embrace an area of 60,000 square miles.

**Dr. Se. Soundings.** Captain Denham, of H. B. M. ship Herald, recently stated in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, that on the passage from Rio de Janeiro to Cape of Good Hope, in 39° 40' north latitude, and 37° 6' west longitude, on a calm day, the ocean was ascertained to be 7,706 fathoms deep, or 7.7 geographical miles.

**Chinese Laborers at Havana.** The Chinese laborers recently imported into Havana, have been dying since their arrival with Asiatic cholera or plague. Out of 1099, shipped by three vessels, 294 died on the passage, leaving 825 to arrive, since which, 60 or 70 have been swept off by disease.

**Danarietta Shippers.** The Lincoln Democrat says the business of the coming season on the Danarietta river bids fair to surpass that of any previous time. Three ships of the largest class are already commenced, and five more are to be built. They are all to be first class vessels, and some to be of the clipper model. The amount of tonnage will be at least nine or ten thousand tons.

**Coinage for February.** The coinage of gold, silver and copper at the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia for the month of February, was \$3,041,580. The amount of gold deposited during the month was \$3,548,000. The deposits for January and February were \$8,610,097.

**New Post Office.** A Post Office has been established at Harwood's Crossing, on the K. & P. R. R., called "East Bowdoinham," &c. Hatch, Postmaster.

**Serious Results of a Mistake.** A day or two since, says the Boston Traveller, two little girls strayed into a stable in this city, where they found a bottle containing what they thought to be hair oil, which they plentifully applied to their heads. It turned out that the article was a deadly poison, and the heads and faces of the girls began to swell in a frightful manner, and it is feared that one will lose one eye, which was somewhat impregnated with the deleterious liquid.

**Camphor an antidote for Strychnine.** The Scientific American says that camphor has been discovered to be an antidote to that terrible poison, strychnine. A man who had been thrown into convulsions by two doses of the poison, recovered, was relieved by twenty grains of camphor, taken in six grains of almond mixture.

**Dr. Suddock, in a letter to the London Lancet, claims to have made the discovery.**

**Maine State Prison.** There were 73 prisoners in the Maine State Prison on the 1st of December last, according to the Warden's Report. The crimes for which these convicts have been sentenced are as follows:—Larceny, 45; Arson, 3; Forgery, 1; Murder, 1; Murder in the second degree, 1; Manslaughter, 5; Rape, 2; Assault, with intent to kill, 1; Assault, with intent to kill, 1; Adultery, 3; Shop-breaking and larceny, 3. Twenty-eight of those received the past year, are native citizens of this State; ten are citizens of other States in the Union, and ten are foreigners.

**Perrin Bay.** The California State Journal says, a new bay by the above name has recently been discovered on the coast near the California and Oregon line. It takes its name from a vessel, which in 1850 was wrecked off the coast, and is said to be a most convenient and safe harbor. What is known in the North as Illinois River, or Smith River, is supposed to find the ocean through it.

**Upsetting.** The Bangor Mercury says the Frankfort stage upset in coming down a steep hill at the Cove, 4 miles from Frankfort Village, on Monday morning. Horses, and several valuable passengers were precipitated over the embankment, and a large number of persons were injured. One person had his shoulder dislocated and another's nose was broken.

**ROBERT OF LETTERS FROM THE STEAMER COMMODORE.** Shortly after the steamer Commodore, Stonington line, left New York on Friday evening last, it was discovered that about one hundred letters had been stolen from the Mail Agent's office. Most of them were directed to Bostonians, and are believed to have contained considerable sums of money. The Agent was in his office at the time, engaged in sorting the letters, and while his attention was diverted for a moment, the letters were stolen. No arrests were made. [Saturday Evening Gazette.]

### INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT PIERCE.

The procession moved at 12 o'clock, according to programme, under the escort of a detachment of military under command of Col. Hickley. The President eluded in a carriage, with Mr. Fillmore by his side.

The cortege reached the Capital at 1 o'clock, when the President with the officials, passed into the Senate chamber and took their seats. At a quarter past 1, the Marshall of the District with the Justices of the Supreme Court, followed by the President elect, and the whole assembly in the chamber, started in procession to the eastern front of the Capitol, where the oath of office was administered to General Pierce by the Chief Justice, at the close of which the President stepped forward and read the Inaugural Address, which may be found in another column.

The President delivered his address in a remarkably clear, distinct voice, and free but dignified manner, being repeatedly interrupted by enthusiastic applause.

At the conclusion the bells rang, martial music sounded, and cannons boomed in honor of the occasion.

The immense concourse gradually dispersed. Large crowds followed the President to the White House, and waited upon him in the usual reception room.

Ex-President Fillmore took possession of the apartments at Willard's Hotel, lately vacated by General Pierce, intending to occupy them for a few days, prior to taking his intended southern tour.

Mr. Fillmore dined with Gen. Pierce at the Presidential mansion, this evening.

### THE CALORIC SHIP ERICSSON.

The Washington Republic contains the official correspondence in relation to the visit of the Ericsson to Washington. The owners of the Ericsson having offered to build one or more caloric ships, the Secretary recommended the appropriation of \$500,000 for the construction of one Ericsson frigate, of not less than two thousand tons, as a ship-of-war.

Mr. Kennedy, in his letter to the House Committee on Naval Affairs, expresses entire confidence in the ultimate success and triumph of the new motor, and says that the appropriation which is due to the most magnificent invention of the government could not be more becomingly expressed than in the prompt recognition of its value by an act of Congress.

Letters from Capt. Ericsson and Commander Sands give accounts of the trip from New York to Alexandria, which do not vary from former statements. The following from the letter of Com. Sands gives the conclusions to which he has arrived:—

"The weather was such during the voyage that the canvas could be used to little advantage at any time. My attention was particularly called to the pressure kept upon the engines, which Captain Ericsson has limited to twenty pounds. The speed during the day averaged six and a half turns of the wheel in a minute; when the wind was moderate the log indicated six to seven knots at sea.

It would be useless to notice particularly the speed of the engine, as the result is so satisfactory. On the whole, I deem the test trip of the Ericsson as conclusively establishing the success of the principle; and I trust the day is not remote when its introduction into our naval service may free our ships from the danger of being blown up by a chance shot through a boiler, perhaps in the very moment of victory."

**Shooting of a Young Man.** We are informed of the following particulars of a shooting case which occurred at Grey's tavern at Pea Cove in Oldtown on Tuesday evening. The company had assembled for a dance and had gone through several dances when an Wm. Brown of Upper Stillwater was dancing with a lady of the hall where a young lady of Upper Stillwater (whose name we suppress) and her brother were sitting, she rose and discharged both barrels of a double-barreled pistol one ball of which took effect in the back of his shoulder and the other entered the wall. The young lady was perfectly calm and stated that she intended to kill him—that she came for that purpose. She said the reason that she did not shoot him in the face was because she could not get near enough to him. The reasons for the act she said were well known to all present. If she could have killed him she said she should have been perfectly satisfied.

We are informed that the impeding cause, this desperate attempt to take life and wreak vengeance is well known in the vicinity where the parties reside, and is one which almost always lies at the bottom of such acts. We understand he was arrested the day before for breach of the peace and confined in jail.

The young lady is said to be reputable and the sympathy of those who know her is decidedly in her favor. After the act she went away with her brother and no attempt was made to arrest her. It is seriously to be feared we cannot learn. The ball was broken up in consequence. [Bangor Mercury.]

**ONE MAN SAVED.** It was reported a few days since, that the brig Champion, of Portland, was wrecked on the coast of Maine, and was happy to learn that one of the crew, Robert Graves, of Westbrook, was saved, and was in Portland, on Tuesday, on his way home. When the vessel sank, he swam for the boat, (the lashings of which he had previously been cut), and clinging to it, he found it full of water, but by its aid was enabled to reach the shore. Thence he walked to a light house, a distance of three quarters of a mile, with his feet so frozen. Mr. Graves saved his chest, with his clothing, and a few articles, and was taken to the shore. He states that the bodies of the captain and mate washed ashore, and that the cook lashed himself to the rigging and went down with the vessel. [Portland Chronicle.]

**FIRE IN ROCKLAND.** We learn from the Rockland Gazette that the store of S. C. Benson, merchant tailor, was destroyed by fire. On fire about half past six o'clock Monday morning. In a few minutes the flames had spread so rapidly that it was impossible to save but a small portion of the goods. The fire broke out in the adjoining two-story wooden building, occupied by Moody E. Thurlow, merchant tailor, W. G. Sargent's law office, and a barber's shop. Mr. Thurlow's goods were nearly all saved, and the greater portion of Benson's. They were both insured. Benson was also insured to the amount of \$2000, which covers about two-thirds of the loss. Mr. Benson had just built his fire for the day, and returned to breakfast, how it communicated to the building is not known.

**THE NEW SILVER COIN.** The weight of the new silver coinage authorized by the recent act of Congress, which goes into operation in June, is as follows:—

Silver.	Act of Jan. '37.	Act of Feb. '53.
Dollar	412 1-2 grs.	No change
Half dollar	206 1-4 "	192 grains
Quarter dollar	103 1-8 "	96 "
Dime	41 1-4 "	38 40 "
Half dime	20 5-8 "	19 20 "

The bill for the coinage of small silver coin, of a reduced rate, has been approved by the President. It goes into operation on the 1st of June next.

**FISHING IN MAINE AND GLOUCESTER.** Mr. By Mr. Sabine's valuable and thorough report on the fisheries of New England, we obtain some valuable statistics. By it we see that Maine has employed in the fisheries, capital to the amount of \$407,000 dollars, 2732 men, yielding a product of \$558,000. The single port of Gloucester, in this State, employs nearly double the capital with nearly double the annual product of fish and all its advantages, of location to the best fishing grounds. Many vessels owned in Maine go to Gloucester with their crews of men, and return with a full cargo of fish, and a still greater number will fit from this place the coming season. [Traveller.]

The number of strangers at Washington on the 4th, was very large. Two thousand arrived in one train of cars from Baltimore.

### LEGISLATIVE COMPEND.

**TUESDAY, March 1.**  
SENATE. Mr. Cary called up the message of the Governor, with accompanying documents, relative to the purchase of the Massachusetts lands, and resumed and concluded his remarks in reply to Mr. Chase; when the subject was again laid on the table.

Resolve to aid the Passamaquoddy Indians to build houses and barns came from the House refused a passage.

On motion of Mr. Chase the Senate insisted on its former vote, passing the resolve to be engrossed.

HOUSE. On motion of Mr. Smith of Calais, the use of the Hall was requested for tomorrow afternoon to Mr. Weld of the Hartford Asylum for the deaf and dumb, for an exhibition of the attainments of his pupils.

On motion of Mr. Smith, the committee who on Saturday received the votes for Major General of the 8th division, was directed to receive them to-day.

Mr. Ellis of Southfield, having absent, Mr. Master of Industry was appointed in his place.

The committee reported as follows:—  
Whole number of votes, 116  
Necessary to a choice, 69  
E. C. Belcher had 69  
L. D. V. Palmer, 45  
Thomas Nelson Gist, 41  
Blank, 4

A message was sent to the Senate informing them of the election of Gen. Belcher.

On motion of Mr. Smith of Calais, the committee on agriculture was instructed to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the bounty on animals.

On motion of Mr. Smith of Calais, the committee on agriculture was instructed to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the bounty on animals.

A long debate followed, a motion to postpone was negatived, and the bill was passed to be engrossed.

Mr. Smith of Calais called up the bill to incorporate the City of Bath, and it was passed.

On motion of Mr. Talbot, Ordered, That all bills fixing the salaries of county attorneys, lying on the table or otherwise before the Senate, be committed to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to report a bill fixing the salaries of







## The Muse.

By Anna Hubbard.

I know not thy name, nor thy beauty, Miss Anna,  
Thy form or thy features, thy stature or manner—  
What care I for all these?

I know not thy age, nor thy wealth or connection,  
Thy shade of thy eyes, or thy hair or complexion,  
And care not how they please!

I ask not for charms—for the beauty that hies,  
Why care I for youth—for the rosy cheek that dies  
Ere noon of the morn which gave birth?

I care not for riches, that take themselves wings,  
Nor yet for rich costume, or trappings of kings,  
That pass like the pleasures of earth!

True 'tis, the cheek that can dazzle the eyes,  
And tempt the beholder to bear of the prize,  
Who seeks not the treasure within:

And give me the gem that is sparkling beneath,  
And then, if the rest of my prayer I must breathe,  
To wish for the easter's no sign!

I gaze on the fountain that gush from thy heart,  
I know the high hopes that to life they impart,  
As through its bright portals you go:

I read the rich gems, for no more are they hid  
Within the deep caves of your mind, when you bid  
The streams of rich poetry flow!

Yet him you have asked, "Will you love when I'm  
old?"  
That question is answered, already is told—  
"I read as your heart opens above;"

The gems of the mind, in the mirror of your eyes,  
Thy years onward sweep, and the easter declines,  
And his is the reflex of love.

As well might the sun, in a day-beam unfold  
Its fears to night's orb, "Will you shine when I'm  
old?"

As well might the sun to the moon—  
O, think not the night star will flicker and die,  
While the sun in his pride holds his course thro' the  
sky.

In the splendor and glory of noon!  
Winthrop, Feb. 22, 1853.

## THE HOUR OF EVE.

By MARY A. MEADER.

There is an hour at close of day,  
When all is hushed and still,  
When evening shadows fondly play  
O'er forest, lake and rill.

An hour when angels fondly bring  
Some echoing strain from heaven;  
I gladly catch the strain and sing  
By inspiration given.

And as I sing to drown my care,  
In accents soft and mild,  
There's one in Heaven who bows to hear  
And guard his orphan child.

Industry, Feb. 1853.

## The Story-Teller.

From the Flag of Our Union.

THE FATHER'S CHOICE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Mr. Abel Veazie was a president of a heavy manufacturing company, a situation which he had held for many years, and as his interest in the corporation was considerable, he was quite wealthy. By nature he was bluff and off-hand in his manners, and the peculiar duties of his office—coming in constant contact with men of all classes and dispositions—had detracted from his characteristic bluntness. His family consisted of some half dozen sons and one daughter.

The boys had all grown to be men, and were engaged in lucrative business, while Lelia, the youngest child, just opening into young womanhood, was the light and joy of the old man's household.

Among Veazie's favorite clerks, there was a young man named Robert Winslow, who had been in the company's office several years, and who, by his untiring application and exemplary conduct, had insured for himself not only a permanent situation, but also the respect and confidence of his employer. Young Winslow had a mother and sister whom he supported, and with whom he lived, and consequently he was obliged to economize with great nicety in order to keep matters straight.

The fiscal year of the company was drawing to a close, and for nearly three weeks previous to the opening of our story, Robert Winslow had been in attendance at Mr. Veazie's house every week-day evening, engaged in comparing the various accounts and properly arranging them, in view of a contemplated change in the direction of the corporation. Duplicates had to be taken of all the principal papers, and in the revising of them the services of Lelia were frequently called upon, for the old man could never be made to understand why even an heiress might not make herself useful.

One or twice only had Veazie actually called upon his child for services, and on those occasions she would read off the original accounts, while the young clerk revised the duplicates. Lelia read to Robert, and anon, when for a time the labor was suspended, she hesitated not to talk. There was none of that formal constraint which fashion imposes upon common visits, for their acquaintance had commenced under the easy non-committing auspices of business, and without a thought of aught but that of business, they waded through some pages of the company's journal. Then, when at length they conversed, they thought only of social politeness, and their thoughts and feelings flowed freely and untrammelled.

The third or fourth time that Robert came to the house, Lelia offered her services, and while her father looked over her shoulder, she read from the original drafts the entries, and always when the young man would stop to make a note or margin reference upon his duplicate, she would peep over the top of the large journal, and watch his handsome features as they worked and varied with his laboring thoughts.

Thus passed away three weeks. Every evening Lelia was sure to come into her father's study, and she was equally sure to stay there till Robert went away. The old man seemed in very deed to be blind to the fact that these meetings were beginning to result in something else beside the mere transaction of business.

"Well, Robert," said Mr. Veazie, one evening as the office was about being closed, "you can now have a short respite from the confinement of the counting-house. The affairs of the concern are all settled, and we shall not start again under two weeks, so you can have that time to yourself, to enjoy and to improve as you now see fit."

"I thank you kindly, sir," returned Robert, "though I must say that I would rather make myself busy than lay idle so long."

"But you haven't had a resting spell before for four years,"

"True, sir, but my mother and sister need all my time, so I can hardly afford to rest even now."

Veazie never held long arguments, and from his manner on the present occasion, Robert knew that there was nothing more to be told, so he put on his hat and started homeward.

The next day, or the day after that, Robert Winslow took a walk over to the city, and as he was returning home towards night he was ac-

costed in the street by a gentleman whom he had frequently seen in the counting-house, transacting business with Veazie.

"Mr. Winslow, I believe," said the gentleman.

"That is my name, sir."

"And mine is Dunham. You have seen me at your counting-house."

"Yes, sir, I remember."

"Mr. Veazie tells me you would probably like to employ your time to some pecuniary advantage during the business vacation."

"Indeed, I should, sir," returned Robert, while a bright ray of pleasure flashed over his countenance.

"Then I offer you a rare chance. I want you to accompany me to Troy, there to assist me in closing up the books of a heavy firm who have failed and left matters at rather loose ends."

"And when do you want me to go?"

"Oh, this very night. Now in a half an hour from this time."

Robert's countenance fell as he heard this and after a few moments' thought, said:

"I cannot go so soon. If you could wait two hours or postpone the matter till to-morrow, I would go."

"That is impossible, Mr. Winslow, for the boat starts in half an hour, and the business admits of no postponement. Veazie tells me that you would be just the man to straighten out these accounts, some of which have been hanging for years, and are now put into the hands of the creditors in that dubious shape. I will pay your expenses, and give you ten dollars a day if you will go with me."

"I cannot go," said Robert, in a somewhat disappointed tone, but yet with decision, "for when I came away this morning, I promised my mother that I would return home before dark. My sister is away, and as my mother is quite weak, she would suffer exceedingly at my absence."

"You will have time to drop her a line by the penny-post, informing her of the cause of your absence," remarked Dunham.

"The penny-postman does not go near my dwelling at this hour," returned Robert.

"No, sir," he continued, in a decided tone. "I cannot go. I would not leave my mother to suffer in ignorance of my fate this night, for an hundred times the amount I might earn by the labor. I thank you kindly for your consideration, and I trust you will not blame me for the result."

"Of course I cannot blame you," answered Dunham, "though I am sorry you cannot go. I thought you needed the money."

"So I do need the money, sir," responded the young man, with a slightly flushed face, "but I cannot take it at the sacrifice of what I consider my filial duty."

"Very well—I can find some one at Troy who can do the work. Good evening,"

Robert responded a "good evening," and then wended his way homeward. The circumstances caused him some uneasiness for a short time, but he soon forgot it, and on the next day, he obtained a first job through the aid of Mr. Veazie, at an insurance office in copying policies.

Again Robert Winslow was at his desk in Mr. Veazie's counting-house. Business had commenced in good earnest and there was a fair prospect of going a long continuance of it. Nearly a week had passed away, when one afternoon a young gentleman called in to see Mr. Veazie, and remained in an earnest close conversation with the old man for half five minutes, and when he turned to go away, Robert thought he heard something like an oath drop from his lips.

"Presuming puppy!" muttered Mr. Veazie, as he sank into a chair near where his young clerk was writing, and pushed back from his desk some dozen important papers. "Why, Robert, the fellow actually had the presumption to ask me for the hand of my little Lelia; and all he's worth in the world is fifteen thousand dollars. Not another bit of real worth does he possess. A pretty match for my daughter truly. Ha, ha, ha!"

Robert Winslow's hand trembled, and his face crimsoned, as the old man spoke, and he turned away to hide the emotion he could not suppress. Veazie took no notice of Robert's manner, but having delivered himself of his blunt opinion, he drew back the documents he had a moment before pushed away from him, and began to examine their contents, while Robert tried to calm his nerves so as to be able to go on with his business.

Towards nightfall Mr. Veazie put away his papers, which he had been inspecting, and having looked them up in his private desk, he began to pull on his gloves.

"Robert," said he, "are your evenings engaged during the present week?"

"Not particularly," returned Robert, as he wiped his pen and placed it behind his ear.

"I want my own private accounts posted up, and if you will do it, I will amply compensate you for your extra labor."

"I ask no compensation, sir. If you will bring your books to-morrow, I will take them home and post them with pleasure."

"No, no—you will have to do it at my own house. I don't wish to let my private books go out of my sight. It will take you but a few evenings to do the whole, and besides you will need some assistance in deciphering the various accounts, for some of the entries I have made, and some have been made by Lelia."

"I could wish that the labor might be done here, sir," said Robert, in a hesitating, nervous manner, while a strange emotion swept over his countenance.

"Done here, sir?" iterated the old gentleman in surprise. "I do not understand you. You found me only when you labored at my house before. What have you found now in the shape of an objection?"

"Do not question me, sir, but pray, grant me the favor I ask. Let me do the writing here."

"That is a strange whim, Robert. No, sir, if you cannot do the work at my house, I must strain my old eyes to do it myself."

"Mr. Veazie, you misunderstand me, indeed you do," uttered Robert, in a painful and sad tone.

"That can hardly be," returned the old gentleman, with a quiet smile, "since I have no clue to any understanding at all. But really I should be under obligations to you if you would inform me with regard to the cause of this curious affair."

For full two minutes the young man sat with his eyes bent to the floor, but at length he gazed up into the face of his employer, and getting down from his stool, he said while his eyes glistened with gathering moisture, and his lips trembled:

"Mr. Veazie, you have been kind and considerate towards me, and I will not now break the strict frankness and integrity which have thus far marked all my dealings with you. I trust you will not blame me, sir, nor think me presumptuous. I did work for you at your own dwelling, and you called your daughter to assist me. Together Lelia and myself examined and compared notes and then conversed. Ever long, I began to be anxious for the evening to come, that I might be again at her side, and when she came with her joyful smile, her happy look,

and her sweet welcome, I began to count the flying moments as sands of gold. I almost prayed that my work might have no end, so that she might be ever my companion in its slow progress, and when the labor did draw to a close, I felt sick and lonely. Then was it that my heart awoke to a knowledge of its situation. I began to love the gentle being who had loved her, and her image was on my heart. I cannot deceive myself, sir, nor will I prove unkind or ungenerous to you. No man can govern the strong emotion of the heart, though he may, if he will, guard against the cause of these emotions. Mr. Veazie, I dare not subject myself to a love that must be hopeless, for poor as I am, my heart is as those of others. Now you know all."

"You are honest, at all events," said the old gentleman, without any apparent emotion.

"So I trust I may always be," returned Robert.

"But do you think you are very wise?"

"I could not help my emotions, sir."

"And if they were as pleasant as you have described them to me, I see not why you should have wished such a thing as trying to prevent them."

Robert looked up into the face of the old gentleman, but made no answer. He could not comprehend his meaning.

"It is Lelia," continued the old gentleman, "who wished you to come and help her arrange my household accounts. Would you refuse her as you have me?"

Robert Winslow trembled from head to foot. He gazed into the face of his employer, and thought he could detect a kind, meaning smile there. He attempted to speak, but his words came not forth.

"Come, come," uttered Veazie, "let us not beat around the bush any longer. I am not blind, and consequently I failed not to see some things that spoke louder than words. I took note of the gentle love that danced in your eyes, and I read the language that came up from your heart, and stood in living characters upon your varying countenance. Do you suppose I should have been so utterly regardless of both your own and my child's welfare, as to have allowed you to cherish the flowers of affection on the night which light them at their birth? Lelia is a faithful, a kind, and loving girl, and if you love her truly, you may confess to her your enormous sin of love."

"Mr. Veazie," exclaimed Robert, "I cannot comprehend—I do not. No, no, you would not raise such a sweet, such a heavenly hope in my bosom to crush it again."

"Hark ye, Robert," said the old gentleman, as he took his clerk by the hand. "Had I desired to have my child married to a heartless beggar of gold, I had the chance this afternoon. That man who came here to ask me for the hand of my daughter, though he has fifteen thousand dollars worth of gold, is yet steeped to the very drops in poverty. He has no heart! I have watched your course for the last five years with interest, and a week ago, when you refused a considerable amount of money which you very much needed, rather than your mother should suffer a single night's uneasiness on your account, you proved yourself to be possessed of a mine of wealth which no legacy could have brought you; and which could never have been poured into life-officers by speculation. Mr. Dunham brought me your answer, and when I heard it, I resolved within myself that the son and brother who could love and honor his mother and sister, could not fail of making a most excellent husband. Now go and tell all to Lelia, and if she accepts your hand, you shall meet me freely here in my return. There don't cry about it, for you ain't sure that she will have you, yet."

Robert Winslow did offer Lelia Veazie his hand and heart, and she smiled a most happy smile as she gave him hers in return. People wondered much at the affair, and many attributed it to a freak of the old man's oddity. They knew not—and many could not have appreciated it—that he had known—the deepest principle of paternal care and kindness which governed him; nor was Mr. Veazie disappointed in his calculations. The same heart that had cherished such pure and holy filial love proved a sacred altar for the affections of the husband, and Lelia never had occasion to regret—but always blessed—her Father's Choice.

## MUSIC A MODERATOR.

Four months had flown swiftly away since Edward Somerton had married Rose Bland. One summer evening, towards sunset, as they sat together at a window opening on a garden, enjoying the welcome coolness and talking over various matters with that interest in each other which people generally evince four months after marriage, Rose, for the first time began to pout.

Edward had, she said, flirted shamefully with her. Harding on the preceding evening. He had spoken to her in a low tone several times, and had been heard publicly to declare that Harding was a fortunate fellow. If this was the way he meant to go on she should be wretched, and no longer place any confidence in his love.

"My pretty dear," said Edward, placing his arm round the waist of his wife, and accompanying this action by another trifling performance, "don't be jealous. Believe me, there is no cause. On one of the occasions when I addressed Mrs. Harding in so low a tone, I remarked that the room was very warm; and on another, if I remember rightly, I observed that the last novel was rather dull; so you will perceive, our conversation was really of a most innocent description. And, Rose, because I had Harding was fortunate, it does not follow that I must endeavor to render him unfortunate."

This mild answer failed to turn away the wrath of Rose. She coquettishly refused to be convinced, became every instant more perverse, and finally retired precipitately from the room, with her handkerchief applied to her eyes.

Edward quietly put his feet upon the chair she had left vacant, and leaned back in meditation.

There was the decisive moment which would show whether the charge of his wife was well founded, and he half suspected that he believed so himself, but he had resolved to be, or seem to be, out of humor, without any particular cause. One thing was certain—that she would not bear reason. Something else must therefore be tried in order to allay any future storm; for this was probably the first of a series.

Edward resolved to try music.

He was an amateur of some pretensions, and he set himself immediately to call over his collection of melodies most likely to calm the passions and exert a soothing effect upon the

per. He made choice of three, which he arranged in a graduated scale, to be used according to the urgency of the occasion—calm, calmer and calmest, as the outbreak was, became, violent, more violent, most violent. The scale contained only three degrees; as the heat rose, this conjugal thermometer fell, but below the third and lowest degree all was zero, and undefined mystery. Patience acted the part of mercury reversed.

The melodies were the following, and were arranged in the following order: "In my cottage near the wood," "Sal margine d'un rio," and "Home sweet home!" They were all of the gentle touching character, and the last purely domestic, and would under the circumstances, convey a delicate satire likely to do good. He had hitherto played these popular airs on the German flute; but he proposed now to execute them in a graceful, apparently unpremeditated whistle. Not such a whistle as may be heard in the streets proceeding from the lips of vulgar and coarse minded boys, but a superior sort of thing, such as no gentleman need be ashamed of. In fact, the original, wild production cultivated and improved, as the crab is changed into the pippin.

His plan thus settled, Edward felt his mind easy, and he awaited the re-appearance of Mrs. Somerton with a pleasant consciousness of being ready for whatever might occur.

In due time came coffee. The injured lady came, too, with a placid countenance, betraying no lingering evidence of its late unamiable expression. Neither husband nor wife made any allusion to their misunderstanding, and they passed a delightful evening made up of conversations, the piano-forte and chess.

But the next morning—the very next morning, Rose favored her dear Edward with number two of the series. She wanted him to walk out with her, and he declared that unfortunately he should be too busy to go out all day. This was quite sufficient raw material for a girl of spirit to work upon.

"I'm sure you don't want to go, Edward," said she, putting in exact imitation of his manner, "at least you don't want to go with me."

Edward plunged both hands into the pockets of his dressing gown—threw himself idly onto a sofa—gazed absently at the bronze bust of Shakespeare on the mantel piece and began whistling in a low tone a plaintive melody; it was, "In my cottage near a wood."

"If it were not for my wife," continued Mrs. Somerton, with pointed emphasis, "you would be ready enough to come; but the series are always neglected."

Mr. Somerton continued whistling.

"I beg, Mr. Somerton," exclaimed Mrs. Somerton, with a withering look, "that you will not whistle in that very disagreeable manner whilst I am speaking. If I am not worthy of your love, I trust I am worthy of common attention."

Edward plunged his hands deeper into his pockets, removed his eyes from the bust of Shakespeare, and fixed them in intense regard on the bust of Milton, he paused suddenly in the air he was whistling, and commenced another; it was "Sal margine d'un rio."

Mrs. Somerton retired hastily with her pretty face buried in a white cambric pocket-handkerchief.

For five whole days after this scene all was hazy weather. Doves might have been heard and envied. Honey was still to be found in the moon, and no impolitic reference to either of the two foolish quarrels gave any the slightest dash of bitterness.

But, on the sixth day, alas! there appeared clouds. Edward had been into town, and had promised to bring a pair of new bracelets for Rose. He arrived home punctually at dinner time, but without the bracelets—he had forgotten them. I put it to you whether this was not enough to try the temper of a saint. They were gone the next evening to a large party, and Rose had intended to inspect the important ornaments this evening, and take Edward's opinion, so that there might be time to exchange them if not approved of. Now she could not do so—and all from his horrid forgetfulness.

She must either go in stupid, old-fashioned notions, or put on new ones in a hurry, good or bad, just as they happened to be. It was most annoying—that it was!

Edward made many apologies. He was sincerely sorry to have disappointed her, and even offered to return to town after dinner, and repair his neglect. Oh, no! she would not hear of his taking so much trouble for her. What did he care whether she was disappointed or not? His forgetfulness showed how much he thought of her.

Edward again essayed the soothing system: for he loved her, and was conscious that he had given her cause for some slight chagrin. His over-care, she became so unreasonable that but one course was left him to pursue. He left off talking, and trembled to whistling.

I relate that the future peace of Rose, whilst in descending at once to the second degree of the scale. He commenced, *edante ma non troppo*, "Sal margine d'un rio."

"To leave me in such a situation!" exclaimed the ill used wife, in a voice interrupted by sobs, "when I had set my heart on those bracelets! It is very, very unkind, Edward."

Edward appeared wrapt in meditation and music. He whistled with great taste and feeling, according to the first notes of each bar as they should be accented. But upon another still more cutting observation from Mrs. Somerton, he stopped short, looked sternly at her, and began "Sweet home."

Heaven's! what was to follow! he had reached the last degree and all else was at random. Shadowy demons hovered round, holding forth temptingly, deeds of separation. The bright gold wedding ring on the lady's finger grew dull and brassy.

Edward Somerton stood in the centre of the room, with his arms folded, gazing with a steady gaze into the very soul of his wife, who, under the strange fascination, could not turn away her head. With a clear and untremulous whistle he recited the whole of that beautiful Sicilian melody, from the first note to the last. Then revolving slowly on his heel, without saying a word he left the room, shutting the door punctually after him. Mrs. Somerton sank overpowered on the sofa.

Rose, though pretty, was not silly. She saw clearly that she had made a mistake, and like a sensible girl she resolved not to go on with it merely because she had begun it. Bad temper, it seemed, would only serve to make her ridiculous instead of interesting; and that was not altogether the effect desired.

In half an hour the husband and wife met at the dinner table. Mrs. Somerton sat smiling at her head, and was very attentive in helping Mr. Somerton to the choicest morsels. He was in unusually high spirits, and a happier smile partly could scarcely be met with.

From that day, which was ten years ago, to the present time, Mrs. Somerton has never found fault without cause. Once or twice, indeed, she has gone so far as to look seriously about nothing; but the frown left her countenance at once when Edward began to whistle, in a low tone, and as unconsciously, the first few bars of "In my cottage near the wood."

## Sabbath Reading.

## GOOD MORNING.

"Oh, I am so happy!" a little girl said, as she sprang, like a lark, from a low trundle bed; "As morning—bright morning! Good morning, papa! Oh give me one kiss for good morning, mamma! Only just look at my pretty curls!"

Chirping his sweet "Good morning to Mary!" The sun is peeping straight into my eyes—Good morning to me, Mr. Sun, for you rise Early to wake my birdie and me, And make us as happy as happy can be."

Happy may you be, my dear little girl, For taking good care of me all the dark night, As the mother struck softly a clustering curl—"Happy you can be—both the one and the other."

What wakened this morning both you and the sun, The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod—"Ma, may I say, then, Good morning to God?"

"Yes, little darling one, surely you may, Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray, May knelt solemnly down, with her eyes Looking up, earnestly, into the skies."

And two little hands that were folded together, Softly she laid on the lap of her mother, "Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said, "I thank thee for watching my snug little bed; For taking good care of me all the dark night, And waking me up with the beautiful light; Oh keep me from naughtiness all the long day, Dear Father, who taught little children to pray!"

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled, But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child.

## EVENING PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

It is the hour when babes with angelic speak; While we are rushing to our pleasures weak And sinful, young children pray with best hearts, Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair, Say, at the same hour, the same same prayer

On our behalf, to him who all things sees, And then they sleep, Ah, peaceful sleep! Of childhood's hallowed prayer: religion deep! Oh, love, not fear, in happiness expressed!

So the young bird, when done its twilight lay Of prayer, folds peacefully at shut of day Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

## VARIOUS DEGREES OF FUTURE GLORY.

Perhaps there is nothing more dangerous, as there is nothing more lulling and stupefying, than low and relaxed notions of Christian holiness; the supposition, that whatever difference may exist among members of our society here, there will be none hereafter; that, however halting and hesitating our pace along the course may be, we shall be all together at the goal, and receive the same or a similar prize. Such a heavenly happiness imagined to be, that by a mystic power, it expands the intellect of each, all are alike capacious, all then filled to the brim and running over, that we shall all be happy, and all as happy as we can be.

Thus by a golden spell, a delusive charm, the enemy of all righteousness enchants many, and leads them to the waters of Lethe. However fatal this delusion, and wide its spread, it cannot be owing to defective information furnished by the Scriptures; for it appears to me as if the all comprehensive Spirit had foreseen the error, and had used the means of protection. For what is clearer from the divine oracles than the existence of different degrees of glory? that if we labor not, we shall have no reward, and that our reward will be according to our works; that we shall reflect the divine glory, and that our enjoyment hereafter will be precisely as our finishing here; that he who saunters away or ill-employs the seed-time, will have less part unto eternal life? I find, in saying this, I condemn myself; but truth must and will prevail; all the efforts of Satan and of sin can no more hide it, than I can eclipse the sun by my hand, or stop the whirl of the earth by a word. However late, I trust I am coming to my right mind. (Rev. James Fussell.)

## A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord, twisted with a thousand different strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day. We crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. The souls of diseases are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate its own destruction; the food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying the first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it at heart! We see our friends and neighbors among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall next give the fruitless warning to the world!

The Dead. How seldom do we think of the dead. Although we sit around the same hearth where they once sat, and read from the same volume they so loved to peruse, yet we think not of them.

O, how the heart throbs with wild, uncontrolled emotion, as we stand beside the dying friend we have dearly loved. We try, without effect, to prolong the precious life; we follow down to the margin of the dark-flowing river; the spirit of the loved one passes onward alone; and we are left to linger on the shores of time.

We think, as we lay the inanimate form in the cold grave, and the damp earth grate harshly over them, that we will never forget that the life-seconds shall be ever fresh to our memory, and often wonder that the busy multitude can still move on as before.

The sun shines as brightly on the new-made grave. Again we mingle with the busy, jostling throng. Weeks and months roll on—we visit the grave less frequently—we cease to think of the lost one, save when some incident of by-gone times recalls them to our memory.

Here is a very beautiful thought of that strange compound of Scotch shrewdness, strong common sense, and German mysticism, Thomas Carlyle:

"When I gaze into the future, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by Time, and there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orion, and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar."

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

A common civility to an impatient fellow often draws upon one many unforeseen troubles; and, if one does not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. [Addison.]

It is brushwood—judgment is timber. The former makes the brightest, flame, but the latter makes the most lasting heat.

Industry and economy are the two things necessary for success in life.

## DR. POLLARD